High time it is that we were drawne to head,
Our generall and officers appointed.
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine,
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a Colonell
Ouer a Regiment of fifteene bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty caualeering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my deere, they'l do a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a pricke and a pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lorde or Knight at least to that place.

Bour. Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be Sheriffe?
Haue ye not past all Offices but that?
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our Generall
Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my deare:
But tell me, who shall be our Generall?
Where's the Lord Cobham, sir Iohn Old-castle
That noble almesgiuer, house-keeper, vertuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there boyes,
Come to me there.

Acton. Why who but he shall be our Generall?

Mur. And shall he knight me, and make mee Colonell?

Act. My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

Mur. Fellow Sir Roger Acton Knight, all fellows I mean in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or lesse vpon occasion, reckon our force.

Act. There are of vs our friends and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least:
Of Northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle
Seuen thousand, then from London yssue out,
Of masters, seruants, strangers, prentises,
Forty odde thousands into Ficket field,
Where we appoint our speciall randeuous.

Mur. Fue paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro, Lo
mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? Where's tha
field, sir Roger?

Act. Behind S. Giles in the field neere Holborne

Mur. Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field
Tyburne, an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of Ianua

Mur. Tylly vally, trust mee neuer if I haue any
that day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday quoth a, dis
Childermas day this yeare was Friday.

Ben. Nay M. Murley, if you obserue such dayes,
We make some question of your constancie,
All dayes are like to men resolu'd in right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and
ster Beuerley: Friday next, & Ficket field, & Will
ley and his merry men shall bee ali one: I haue hal
iades that draw my beere Carts, and euery iade s
a knaue, and euery knaue shall weare a iack, and e
shall haue a scull, and euery scull shall shew a spea
uery speare shall kill a foe at Ficket fielde, at Fick
Iohn and Tom, Dicke and Hodge, Rafe and Robi
and George, and all my knaues shall fight like m
ket field on Friday next.

Bour. What sum of money meane you to disbur

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, soberly,
somly I may bring fiue hundred pound.

Act. Fiue hundred man? fiue thousands not e
A hundred thousand will not pay our men
Two months together, either come prepar'd
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,
In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture,